

A Constant wife and a kind wife,  
 A loving wife and a fine wife,  
 Which gives content unto mans life.  
 To the tune of Locks and Belts do hinder



**Y**ong-men and Maids lend me your aids  
 to speak of my dear sweeting.  
 It shew: how fortune hath betray'd,  
 and often spoilt our meeting.  
 She likely was for to be rich,  
 and I a man but meanly,  
 Wherefore her friends at me do grudge,  
 and use me most unkindly.  
 Her constancy I will declare,  
 wherein the prover Royall,  
 But few that will with her compare,  
 when they are put to Trepall.  
 Her friends against her did contend,  
 because she lent me favour,  
 They said I quickly all would spend,  
 if that I might but have her.  
 They did convey her from my sight,  
 because she should exempt me,  
 I could not find my hearts delight,  
 which sore did discontent me.  
 I travell'd over craggy Rocks,  
 o're Mountaines Hills and Wallpes,  
 But she was kept from me with locks  
 only through spite and mallice.  
 But love that conquers Kings and Queens  
 herein did shew us favour,  
 I brought to passe and wrought the meanes  
 in what place I could have her:  
 She had an Uncle did detain,  
 and keep her person from me,  
 Which I had very like to have slain,  
 because he did so wrong me.

I boldly came where she did dwell,  
 and asked for my sweeting,  
 They said of her they could not tell,  
 which was to me sad greeting.  
 But presently she heard my voice,  
 and call'd me at her window,  
 O I would come to thee my love,  
 but doors and locks do hinder,  
 Whereat amazed I did stand,  
 to hear her make that answer,  
 I drew my sword into my hand,  
 as straight the house did enter,  
 And then I made the locks to fly,  
 and doors in pieces shatter,  
 I wot'd to hate her company,  
 and quickly I came at her.  
 Her Uncle and some of his men,  
 did after present follow,  
 Who said I nere should out again,  
 but in my blood should wallow.  
 But with some hurt done on both sides,  
 I got my sweet heart from them,  
 Young men to get your selves such brides  
 fight for to overcome them.  
 Then join'd we hands in Hymens bands,  
 to love and live together,  
 She lov'd me not for house or Lands,  
 for I had none of either,  
 Her love was pure and doth endure,  
 and so shall mine forever,  
 Till death do us so much ensure,  
 as part us from each other.

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**VV**ith hand and heart I will impart  
the praise of my dear swetting,  
How welcome foves and facewell smart,  
blest be the time of meeting.

With my sweet-heart and only dear,  
in whom is all my pleasure,  
The like of her doth not appear,  
she is so blest a creature.

O happy is that time and hour,  
that e're I saw thy feature  
How heavens bliss o' me did shew,  
to send me such a creature.  
She is so pleasing to my eye,  
the like was never any,  
She's virtuous wife and very kind,  
she far surpasseth many.

Her comely feature may compare,  
with any in Town or City.

For courtesie she is most rare,  
likewise she's full of piety.

As true that can give consent,  
in all that hear her praises.

But God to her the same hath lent,  
whereby her glory raises.

Her golden locks like threads of gold,  
her eyes like stars do glister.

Her cheeks the Rose and Lillies sold,  
she may be Venus sister.

She hath a dimple in her chin,

her neck shines like the chrysalis,

The like hath seldom times been seen,  
she seemeth so celestiall.

Her armes and shoulders are compleat,  
her breast like a blaster,

Her waist and middle is so neat,  
theres none that e're surpass her.

Her Elegance gives such content,  
in all that hear her praise,

That freely they'll give their consent,  
to praise her earthly praises.

Her Lilly hands are at command,  
to do me any service.

And quickly she will understand,  
a matter what so ere tis.

If I bid go she will not stay,  
to loose me a displeasure,

But presently she goes away,  
and is not this a treasure.

Her parts below I's not descrie,  
for they are very neat ones,

A dainty foot, a leg and thigh,  
as can be made of flesh and bones.

She is so perfect in her parts,  
that many were inflamed,

On her they wholly set their hearts,  
and at her fully aimed.

Thus to conclude and end my Song,

I wish well to the Female,  
Or else I should do them much wrong,

and prove my self a Tell-tale,  
Youngmen as yet prove not untrue,

unto your only swetting.

Observe your time you need not rue,  
nor curse the time of meeting.